Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, JULY 16, 1914 Number 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Tower Hill Summer School

SEASON OF 1914

Begins July 19 — Closes August 9

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Leader

Special Studies: The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament; Interpretative Readings in Poetry. Miss Amelia McMinn of the Milwaukee Normal School will take charge of the Morning Nature Study hour. Things seen, heard, and felt on the Hill.

Owing to road inprovements the Tower Hill conveyance will meet the trains at Spring Green until further notice.

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W A N T E D
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1914. NUMBER 20

THE DAY WE CLEBRATE

Those who have dug to bottom rock
And laid foundations true,
Have built not only to the height
Of their best wisdom, farthest light,
But better than they knew.

"Freedom to worship God!" they cried;
"Freedom from King and Priest!
Freedom at last to pray and preach!
Freedom of thought, freedom of speech,
For all—the best or least!"

Brave were our fathers, laying wide
The outlines of a state;
So to our broad and splendid land
Came, million-fold, the head and hand
That make a country great.

Yet still, enslaved, the people groan,
Tradition-bound, afraid,
Unable to make justice live
On freedom she alone can give,—
World peace, on justice laid.

A day shall come when every child
Will love and serve the state;
Whose justice, wisdom, love and care
Have made our lives serene and fair—
That day we'll celebrate!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

Tower Hill, July 4, 1914.

However it may be with the laggard male columns in the politics of the United States, the feminine column keeps moving. To the surprise, we suspect, of both friend and foe, the great Biennial Federation of Women's Clubs endorsed without protest or discussion Woman's Suffrage. A few days after the adjournment the aggressive Political Equality League of Chicago, whose rejection of several colored candidates for membership a few weeks ago provoked UNITY to call it the Politic Non-Equality League, perhaps gaining courage from the progressive action of the great Federation, whose by-laws, we believe, still exclude any club with colored members, voted three colored women into full membership, thus avoiding a determined agitation, perhaps a prolonged discussion, and, should it prove necessary, a division of forces. We hope the conservative standpatters on the woman question and the color question, in the masculine as well as in the feminine ranks, will take heed of current events, note the handwriting on the wall, pluck up courage, face the future and go on with this moving column of women leaders!

Illinois is again in humiliation. Chicago is shrouded in disgrace over the humiliating revelations of far-reaching crime in connection with the failure of the line of banks exploited by the malodorous ex-Senator Lorimer and his political pals. The worst fears of the lenient and the worst charges of the persecutors of Lorimer are being more than justified. The worst feature in these rascals' exploitations is the fact that a large amount of the city funds was distributed among these doubtful banks unquestionably for political ends and for the peculations of the politicians. Another humiliating and significant fact is that in the Board of Management of these banks are found the names of prominent political bosses and leaders from diverse and antagonistic parties. When Roger Sullivan and Roy O. West sit down together around the table of bank directors it verifies the old saying that "politics makes strange bedfellows." But these gloomy clouds that hang over Illinois are shot through with light and there is evidence that the sun is shining behind the cloud.

The first report of Hon. M. W. Pinckney, Judge of the Juvenile Court, to the Board of Commissioners of Cook County, is before us, in which he establishes the claim that the first "Juvenile Court" as now known was established in Illinois by a legislative act passed July 1, 1899. Further along he tells that in the practice of this court unfortunate girls are sheltered in every way from vulgar gaze and unnecessary publicity, and now:

> A woman judge, a woman stenographer, a woman probation officer and the mother are an ideal group before which the wayward girl may unburden her soul and look for sympathetic aid and justice under the law.

And still again this court, if we understand the report, was the first to summon the aid of a psychopathic institute where the mental and physical conditions of the delinquent boys and girls were inquired into, and the decision of experts entered into the final disposition of the case. Added to these triumphs of the Juvenile Court should be named in this connection the crowning triumph of Illinois in granting suffrage to women. A step forward that not only atones for the humiliation of Lorimer et al., but also foretells the doom of the criminal boss in politics, the grafters high and low in business life.

The first annual report of the Committee of Fifteen for the suppression of commercialized vice is before us. This is a voluntary organization sprung out of the findings and teachings of the Vice Commission,

whose work is of national fame. The work of this Committee of Fifteen, under the superintendency of Samuel P. Thrasher, is carried on unnoticed by and perhaps unnoticeable to the majority of the citizens. Five hundred and eighteen places where immorality was carried on more or less openly one year ago are now closed. This list includes 73 saloons and 445 houses of ill fame, and there is evidence that many owners have either directly or through the police ejected their suspected tenants. In answer to the charge that the breaking up of the vice district has distributed the vicious elements in the resident territories, the report shows that the charge is greatly overstated, that as a matter of fact over a thousand women, according to the best judgment of the police, have left the city; but it also faces the fact, and says that the more "well-to-do" and "respectable" a neighborhood is, the better equipped it is to prevent inroads of vice. The committee vigorously acknowledges the helpful co-operation from Gleason, the Chief of Police, Deputy Funkhauser and other moral inspectors. If Chicago must carry its load of shame let it also receive its meed of praise.

"The Jewish Educational Alliance" is the name of an organization, the project of which is to Americanize the Jews of the northwest side of the city of Chicago. To this end a monthly journal is being launched under the name of the *Journal of the Jewish Educational Alliance*, the purpose of which magazine is to bring the Jews to the social settlement and to Americanize the Jews. This alliance has a very definite and important work to do. The Jews show a marvelous power of adaptation. No other race has adjusted itself to so wide a range of conditions and become such important factors in the life of whatever nation into which they may have been assimilated. There seems to be scarcely a need of any special instrumentalities to Americanize the immigrant Jew, for it takes but a few years to make an American citizen with all that the term implies out of the Jewish immigrant, no matter where he comes from. The segregating forces are ever working upon the Jew. Unlike the Christian immigrants, who are only segregated by their language, the religion of the Jew is a divisive force. Narrowly interpreted, it makes him a man apart, but so cosmopolitan has been the discipline of the Jew, and so universal are the fundamental elements of his faith, that the Synagogue and the Sabbath discipline are subordinate to the citizen, the business man and the philanthropist in our Jewish immigrants. So the workers among and for the Jews have this delicate problem to solve: How to conserve the essential elements of his faith and the high sanctions of his religion and at the same time fit him into the civic life of this country. That this task has been successfully accomplished with great multitudes in the past should be a source of encouragement to this Alliance in its new work. The road that leads from the life of the alien to the life of a citizen is a short one among the Jews, and it is the privilege and opportunity of the Jewish Educational Alliance to make that road inspiring and pleasant as well as short. We wish them great success in their undertaking.

In December, 1912, a Delegate Meeting of the churches of Chicago took steps towards making an extensive survey of the religious situation in Chicago, and appointed a committee, of which the Rev. H. E. Peabody of the South Congregational Church was chairman. That committee went into consultation with the various philanthropic associations and workers in the city, and as the discussion developed their plans grew. They saw clearly that a "Survey" that would be adequate should include not only church preference facts but also other important social and industrial facts. This made the enterprise expensive, so they sought co-operation with other social work and workers. As a result a Social Research Bureau with an annual budget of something over $25,000 a year was in the process of formation when last winter the city government established a department to be known as the "Social Welfare Department," with an annual budget of $35,000. Their plans included a Bureau or Survey. This department is now being organized under the leadership of Mrs. Meder as superintendent, and she has solicited the co-operation of the above named committee, and it has wisely concluded to practically cease its active work and to merge its forces into the work of Mrs. Meder, meanwhile maintaining a commendable policy of "watchful waiting." How surely inevitable and most hopefully do all individual and independent efforts working towards the betterment of the community and the elevation of the individual assume civic proportions and ripen into municipal endeavor. The conservatives have had their fling at "Paternal governments." Individualists have sounded the danger of "over-legislation." Still the tendencies of civilization bear us irresistibly into an *organized* society. That administration alone meets the demands of the twentieth century, that is preventive, constructive and initiative; in short, *Paternal*. Democracy is to bring higher and closer guardianship and protection over the individual, the home and the community than the most benignant, aristocratic and benign tyranny ever succeeded in establishing.

Publication No. 1 of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of Intercourse and Edu-

cation, is before us, a pamphlet of eighty-eight generous pages. It is the report of President Charles W. Eliot of his trip around the world in the interest of international amity, a pacified and unified humanity. He has entitled his report: "Some Roads Toward Peace." Surely it was a fruitful year, and these pages, wise in their content, are much more significant in what the intelligent reader discovers between the lines. Here was a large minded man equipped by experience, study and strategic prestige to come in contact with the large minded wherever he went. It was a great journey to the market places of learning of the world and a lively traffic in ideas was carried on. Of course we can give no idea of the wisdom and information found in these pages. We must content ourselves in commending the pamphlet to the use of the noble. Free copies can doubtless be obtained by addressing the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Washington, D. C. Here are some sample nuggets of wisdom:

Speaking of the fear of invasion which overhangs so many people in Europe as well as Asia, he says:

> The only hope in the East, as in the West, for relief from this terrible apprehension of invasion lies in the progress of international law, and in the spreading opinion among publicists that there are better ways than war to settle international questions about territory, commercial intercourse and sovereignty.

Speaking of the physical and moral qualities of the Chinese:

> One cannot be even a few days in contact with a crowded Chinese population without being deeply impressed with the laboriousness, industry, patience and cheerfulness of the people as a whole. It was my first sight of a country in which the principal source of mechanical power was human muscle. I had never before seen a city's traffic for both passengers and freight conducted chiefly by men, pulling or pushing small carts on one wheel or more, and carrying enormous burdens on their backs. I had never before seen women managing large rowboats without any assistance from men, and often carrying babies on their backs while rowing. I had never before seen a laborer's life so strenuous during long hours, and so absolutely devoid of comfort during eating and sleeping, as one sees it in all Chinese cities. The tough physical and moral qualities of the Chinese obtrude themselves on the stranger's notice from the first moment of his arrival in the country, and show him why the hundreds of millions of Chinese have arrived at our day through every possible hardship and suffering, through unknown centuries of despotic government, through pestilence, droughts, famines and floods, and are here in unnumbered millions to take part in a very extraordinary governmental transformation.

Speaking of the prospects of the new government in China, he says:

> The hope that the Western Powers now encamped on Chinese soil will accept the doctrine that the creation of a strong central government is for the common interest not of the Chinese alone, but of all the powers, has been growing stronger ever since the revolution broke out. The division of China among the neighboring powers apparently looks less and less attractive to Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan, and decidedly unattractive to Germany and the United States. The policy of the "open door," on the other hand, looks always more and more attractive to the trading nations; because it offers an open competition in the entire field, a privilege which would probably be lost forever if China were to be divided among Japan, Russia, France and Great Britain. This trading privilege seems to be obtainable without cost through the policy of the "open door," whereas the direct and indirect cost of maintaining an "imperial possession" or a "sphere of influence" looks as if it were going to increase.

Independence Day

The Fourth of July, 1914, will have passed into history before this issue of UNITY reaches its readers. It is twenty-for hours in the future at the writing of this editorial. When it comes to the Editor of UNITY it will come as the quietest day of the quiet week; a day when the whistle of the boy between the corn rows is silenced, and the humming mower has ceased to hum. The Fourth of July at Tower Hill is a national Sabbath, a day beyond the reach of cannon, and where even the firecracker is reduced to its harmless minimum in the hands of the little children at the adjoining farmhouse.

But the absence of noise is not necessarily evidence of deficient patriotism. It is a day in which to think of the independencies. What independencies?

Independence from foreign power, particularly from England's dictation. The rallying cry of the Revolutionary fathers is still electric and moving. Independence from kings and crowns, lords and ladies and all titled eminences. Surely, the independence of the democratic citizen. The independence that gives to the people rule and to the ballot regal power.

But these independencies call for other independencies not so sure in the realization of today. Independence from stultifying conventions; independence from silly styles, choking fashions; independence from conventional decrees, from society's tyrannies, from church dogmas that thwart intellectual research and discourage growth; independence from the golden eagle stamped on the coin; independence from the tyranny of the dollar, the fear of poverty and the lust of riches; independence from race prejudices, the dread of color; independence from the tyranny of social functions and ideals, and above all, independence from our own passions, freedom from the domination of John Barleycorn, from the abject slavery of the pipe, from the shameful servitude of the cigar and the mean mastery of the cigarette.

Hurrah for the Fourth of July as a political achievement, but

Three times three for the Independence Day that prefigures the spiritual emancipation that is to come!

The Unity Endowment Fund

The kind response to my last communication in UNITY makes me feel that the friends would like to know of further progress. Pending the publication of the full list as soon as the fund is completed, it gives me pleasure to acknowledge in this general way several cordial and generous subscriptions in sums from ten dollars to one hundred dollars. But we still tarry beyond the last twelve hundred dollars of our goal. We hope there are friends who will read

this note who will bring us to the "home plate." The following letters are typical:

From a mother and daughter in Illinois who had previously sent a check for $100:

In reading the report of the "Unity Endowment Fund" I see there is still a deficit. I thought you had secured the full amount and trust you will be able to do so soon. My daughter and myself are sending you a check for one hundred dollars to help along and we sincerely hope you will secure the full amount soon. You certainly have worked most faithfully and deserve to succeed. We should miss UNITY and so would a dear friend of ours to whom we send it after we read it. She enjoys reading it very much. You may not recall that we gave a former check to Dr. Jones some months ago.

From a layman under the shadow of the Boston State House:

I thank you for your kind letter informing me about the permanent fund for UNITY. I greatly rejoice that it has come so near the desired goal. Please find enclosed a check for twenty dollars to help on the work that remains to be done. UNITY has been to me such an inspiration these many years I cannot bear the thought of its going down and out. To me, as no doubt to many others, it has been church and pastor and ethical school all in one, and I feel deeply indebted for its inspiring words on Peace and Temperance and every great moral issue. I feel sure now that it has reached so near the desired goal of the permanent fund that the rest will be forthcoming and rejoice with you in the prospect.

I look upon UNITY as the Outer Circle; the long arm of Abraham Lincoln Centre; the head and heart of which is the great citizen whom we all look up to with love, respect and honor. That we can be associated even in a remote way with such a dynamo in the moral world is a great privilege.

Who comes next?

My address during the months of July and August will be Williams Bay, Wisconsin.

JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Lakota Hotel, Chicago, July 1, 1914.

The School of Democracy

AN ADDRESS BY MISS ZONA GALE AT TOWER HILL CELEBRATION, JULY 4, 1914.

When we graduate from the laws into the meanings we shall discover many unguessed joys and relations of joys. We say: "For the laws of style I care nothing. It is how to get the grip into the sentence that I care about." And yet the way to get the grip into the sentence is the only law of style there is. He who can get that grip without being conscious of the law that he is observing has the genius for writing. He who grasps any meaning without being conscious of the rules which its grasp implies has the genius for understanding. He who has graduated from the sense of the laws into the sense of the meanings of the nature of being has the genius for living. "Thou shalt not kill" holds nothing for any of us as a law. We have graduated from the law into the meaning of the law, which is love. All life will be like that some day.

When we graduated from the mass consciousness and became individuals we took a great step. Nobody would have believed that individuation could emerge from that great welter of being. When we graduated from individual-hood into family-hood we took another great step. We did not cease to be individuals but we were individuals plus family-members. Now that we are on the brink of the next great commencement, that of graduating from mere conscious families into conscious communities, we shall not cease to be either individuals or members of families. We shall be these and more. In the best of the slang of now we shall be these—and then some. Only we shall have graduated from the belief that we are bounded by our body walls, through the belief that we are bounded by our home walls, into the understanding that we must be fitted into community walls—and that just possibly it was never meant that there shall be any walls at all, save those of the universe. And all life will be like that some day.

When we shall graduate from the fight for food and shelter into the freedom which assured food and shelter can give; when these poor pitiful "incentives," which are all that we can imagine as incentives now, stand revealed as merely the elementary tools which all this time we have been striving to develope so that we can go on, then we shall begin to glimpse what life is about; direct living, contact between us and what life is—beauty, joy, goodness, the literal goodness that is in us if only the thing that we have made of life will let us be; love such as Jesus felt for folk. These things are ours. The now of our consciousness is only an historic moment in the gigantic growth and flowering of these things. Woe unto us if we regard this moment of growth as the norm, if we do not look down the years and say: "As surely as God is, and as I am—God the Self and I the Self,—so surely will all life be like that some day."

It is precisely because, however blindly, we believe these things, that we celebrate today. It is because back there a little way in our historic moment a little group understood that the next stage in the long growing was to be a new country, a new laboratory, where these things might be experimented in. They called it need of freedom, need of a place to practice free thought, free speech, free growth.

So we now and here in that laboratory which they provided, tinkering and fumbling at the crucibles and the fires and the yet unknown quantities which we have put there, stand for a moment before our tables on this day, and look back and say: "It was today that they opened for us the laboratory. How far have we gone? Joy for what has been done. Alas for what is still undone. Woe for the chances to do that we have missed. Glory in the great place and the long day and the young strength that are to our hand. And glory in the certainties that are slowly unveiled for us. That life is a thing whose hem we have barely touched. That it is a shining, awaiting garment. That this way and this of yours and yours and mine, touch on the actual weaving of the garment. That in a measure which as yet we do not know or guess, life is something other than that which we believe it to be."

AFTER WINGS

This was your butterfly, you see,
His fine wings made him vain.
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Pass'd them in rich disdain.
My pretty boy says, "Let him be
Only a worm again!"

Oh, child, when things have learn'd to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair,
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again.

—*Sarah M. B. Piatt.*

THE PULPIT

Why Go to Church on Sunday?

Or, the Helpful Elements in the Social Sanctuary

A Series of Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

V.

The Social Benediction

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

In the comradeship of high thoughts, in the communion of noble purposes, in the fellowship of souls we come together this morning, hoping that thereby we may come the more consciously into thy presence, Infinite Father of us all. May we feel more deeply thy truths, that we may go forth from this place more willing to serve, more anxious to live worthily the common life of home, neighbor, city, country and the world. We come together, Father, hoping that thereby we may realize the ties that bind each to each and all to Thee; the ties that bind us to our better selves, to our nobler natures, to our higher privileges, to our sacred duties. Amen.

SERMON.

I come this morning to the fifth and, for the present, the last inquiry into the value of the Sunday service, the fifth element of potency in the church as evidenced in the Sunday morning worship. I have considered with you the educational value, poor and inadequate as it is, of a weekly listening to readings from the great classics of the Hebrew and Christian religion. I have considered with you the cultural value of the hymn as a permanent element in literature, and I have tried to point out to you the poverty of the soul that has no treasures of this kind in the storehouse of memory. I have tried to explain the element of power in the prayer service,—finite man groping for an expression of his infinite relations.

This morning I come to the crowning power, the "Social Benediction." These other elements are but rounds in the ladder upon which the soul climbs to the Mountain of Transfiguration, where after adequate preparation he finds himself as the Master did in the story, in the presence of Moses and Elias. He has come at last into social communion, he has found comradeship in things divine. If under the impulse of the moment and the exhaltation of the experience, he cries out with the impetuous Peter, "It is good for us to be here, Lord; let us build here a tabernacle that we may abide on the mount," the relentless circumstances of life as well as the higher discipline of soul call him down again into the valley where he must deal with epileptics and the distracted and distressed children of men.

The church service rests on the fundamental biological fact that man is a social animal. Indeed, long, long before life reached the human branch it began to develop the tree communities. The individual began to bind and reinforce itself by co-operation. Only the predatory animals are solitary; the vicious birds of prey, the dangerous brutes that destroy life wander alone through the forests, menacing the lives of others and quarreling among themselves. Darwin has called our attention to the fact that all the higher developments of animal life are social; that way down on some of the lower branches of the tree of life the bee, the ant, the elephant and the beaver have developed a highly organized community life. The life of the individual everywhere is imperfect and inadequate, it is helpless, but where it makes common cause with its fellows it becomes triumphant, aggressive and holds its place on the ladder of life.

So the social needs of the soul make the church a necessity; the Sunday service is in a very real sense a training school of society, a drill ground of the community, a family circle in a growing commonwealth. The social benediction is born out of the democratic necessity of life and this necessity is no exceptional, sentimental reach of a few dreamers. It is not the last resource of the poet and the prophet, but it is based on the scientific fact that "we are all members of one body," that perforce "we are our brother's keeper," that it is as true of the man as it is of the bee that his individual life is fractional, imperfect, inadequate and unsatisfactory.

My first great claim for the morning service is that, partial, inadequate and narrow as it is, rimmed round about by dogmatism and pride, exclusive and sanctimonious as it is in its conceits, yet it is still the most democratic thing going, the most inclusive and comprehensive fellowship reached by man. The narrowest church has broader lines than the broadest club ever organized. The most dogmatic church has a more inclusive fellowship than the most triumphant lodge ever attempted. Take the best of the clubs, lodges, secret societies, fraternities, sororities, political, commercial and labor organizations, every one of them is bound round about by the barbed wire fences of constitutions, by-laws, committees, blackballs and what-not. Even in the highest and finest realization, the home, there is confessedly a boundary line that runs through, dividing young from old, and oftentimes, a most ungracious boundary line that divides mother from father, brother from sister, parent from child. So democracy, driven to its last resort, finds its lodgment in the house of religion, where, to a degree, the age line is eliminated, where surely the sex line is ignored, and where more successfully than in any other compact in the world social lines disappear and society demarkations are obliterated. Stop a while and realize how life is bi-sected and dissected by lines which exist only in the conceits and fictions of organized society. Says Emerson:

> Line in Nature is not found,
> Unit and universe are round.

Yet most all of the social forces outside of the religions assume the fact that there cannot be, outside the home, any social compact where all ages, social distinctions and sex lines disappear.

The democracy of the church is vindicated by the very periodicity of it, the routine of it. It is not only "line upon line and precept upon precept" in scripture, prayer and hymn, but it is face to face, neighbor to neighbor, handshake to handshake, week after week, which lays the foundations of a comradeship more real, more genuine and more lasting than any other yet achieved by man. I make this claim for all organized religion, from the great Mother Church of us all, where peasant and prince, queen and vagrant enter freely through the same portal and find a common

level on their knees in the presence of instituted religion. This is no fanciful picture. Were all the other claims of the Catholic Church to fade and fall, its magnificent democracy holds. In so far as it is better able to obliterate lines than any of its children churches, in so far is its place in human society secure, and its mission in the future, as in the past, certain.

The church as a hand-shaking place, which increases the number of those whose names you know, into whose eyes you look with cheer and gladness, and whose hands you grasp with brotherly and sisterly interest, realizes, as I see it, the transfiguration of religion. It is the mount of vision where the soul meets Moses and Elias, and in that vision is renewed and refreshed and goes down to work again among the epileptics, the distracted and the distressed.

This claim for the church is no poetic stretch of the imagination, it is the experience of commonplace human nature. It is not the need or the achievement of saints. There is a story of a well known professor who in the travel year that followed his college training wandered far away from the beaten path of tourists. Leaving behind him his baggage and companions he found himself at one time upon the northern shore of the Baltic Sea. He walked for many hours out of sight of man, in the solitudes of that far away land. It was midsummer. The day was hot, he was fatigued, and yielding to a boyish impulse he stripped himself for a plunge in the sea. As he swam out breasting the hospitable waves he noticed another swimmer way up round a bend, a long distance off, but in due time the solitary swimmers drew toward one another, until finally they came within hailing disance, and lo and behold they recognized one another as schoolmates in the same American college. Neither one of them knew that the other was beyond the seas.

Take any two human beings, strip them of their clothes, whether the clothes be dry goods or dogmas, strip them of their conventional peculiarities, dip them into the great ocean of reality, and they look very much alike and they will recognize each other as brothers. How superficial are these distinctions about which society is so punctilious. What are they? Made of dry goods largely, in certain spheres and at certain times. The woman who has "style" to her, and the young man whose coat is of the latest cut, assume that these serve as tickets of admission into good society. The word etiquette means a ticket, a ticket with which you get in by leave of your dressmaker and by the help of your tailor. I am not joking. You know this is true.

If you go deeper than the dry goods of it, you will find that the community is clothed through and through with theological draperies. If you and I do not agree about deep water baptism we break as we enter the church across the way. If you and I do not agree about the metaphysics of the trinity, we must separate at the vestibule of the neighboring church. If you and I are not familiar with, and are unwilling to submit to certain symbols and signs, if we cannot conscientiously dip our hand into the "Holy Water," and kneel and pray in the proper places, we must separate over there. But there are great vicissitudes and experiences of life wherein all this trumpery of ecclesiastical formulas and theological distinctions are stripped off and we are thrown naked into the great sea of life, and there in the recognition of a deeper kinship we know each other as brothers and sisters.

Let us look at some of these grand fundamental unities of human nature.

First, there comes the unity of sin, of wickedness. "There goes Richard Baxter were it not for the grace of God," said an old Puritan father when he saw a man on the way to the gallows,—and he spoke the last cold word of science. Why is it that judges on the bench and doctors whose business it is to know the dark and seamy side of life, to acquaint themselves first-hand with the crimes and weaknesses of human nature, are the most benignant in their judgments of the weak and vicious. The judges of America are the expositors of the science we call criminology. They contribute the facts to those who would revise our court practice and rearrange our delinquency laws. Yesterday I talked with the Chief Justice of our Municipal Court, and was first entertained, then thrilled with his story of this new thing they are introducing into the courts, this psychotherapy, this inquiry into the physical and psychical condition of the prisoner at the bar. And he reminded me that since this scientific method has been in operation in his courts 40 per cent of delinquents have been found to be mentally defective, and that what they needed was not punishment but treatment. They are not sinful but sick mentally, spiritually and physically. We are all more or less sick. We are all insane on some point or another. It is only a question of degree. So at last we come to the great democracy of weakness, brooded over by the divine angel of shame.

Then again we come into the common democracy of pain with all its attendant ills and sorrows. "If you prick us do we not all bleed?" as Shylock argued. Run a pin under the nail of a Presbyterian or Catholic, Unitarian or Mohammedan and he will cry "Ouch!" By the side of the open grave we are all brothers and sisters. We all know the pangs one way or another of orphanage; the agony that comes through death. Into this profound democracy of sorrow the church welcomes us, and guards and guides us in it.

But we are not only brothers and sisters by virtue of our weakness, our pains and sorrows. Sin and crime are not the greatest levelers, though they are great levelers. The conception of a Church of "All Saints" is fine, but the conception of a Church of "All Souls" is finer. We are democratized by our virtues, by the sublime ideals that move us, by the dreams that lure us upward. In fact it is our virtues and not our vices that make us most democratic; it is our loves and not our hates that lie at the foundation of communion and organization. It is a poor sociology that places the strength of a nation in its soldiers, or upon its battle armament. Society did not begin, as the old textbooks used to say, on the battlefield. It was not the man on horseback, not the patriarch that could marshal the greatest number of husky sons that laid the foundation of civilized society, but it was the loves of the fireside, the affections of the home. The only conception of the State that will stand the test of progress is that which considers it as the larger home, the wider family circle.

Thus the church becomes the larger sitting-room, the extension of the parlor,—a place of talking,—as the word implies. It is when we come into the realm of the ideal, the sanctification of loves, that we grow

democratic and come into a fellowship which the church typifies. And this is the condition of all progress and life.

Thus the social benediction of all churches, imperfect as churches are, is a benediction that reconsecrates those who come within its gates to the fellowship of ideas and ideals. It enlists the individual in a campaign for virtue. It augments the poor vacillating will of the weak ones, those with inadequate resisting power, with the strength that comes from the touch of elbows, the momentum of a moving column or a line traveling abreast. The social benediction is that which gives us courage to tackle jobs that are worth while, which otherwise would drive us to despair, from which we run away in dismay.

This is the last of a week's exhibit of things done and doing at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. It might be called our annual review. I am sorry for those of you who have not come into contact with the life of this Centre as demonstrated this week in its many handed activities. We have shown, both to the delight of friends and to the surprise of the workers, how much has been done with our imperfect machinery in the way of making *things* and of learning *things*. Three hundred or more boys and girls have at least enjoyed one another this week while participating under guidance in exercises that refine and help, avoiding the things that degrade and coarsen. They have sung sweet songs sweetly. They have played together delightfully. They have invited their fathers and mothers, and these came from many homes robed in many colors, theologically and socially, as well as in a variety of "dry goods," and they have all been at home here.

When we came to print the program it was a question whether we would say "Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church," or "All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre." Unconsciously the first copy said "Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church." This perhaps is the way it stands uppermost in the neighborhood, but a second sober thought rearranged the title as it now reads, "All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre." That is not only chronologically right, because All Souls Church has lived thirty-two years, while the Lincoln Centre boasts of only nine years, but it is also philosophically right. Lincoln Centre, whatever it stands for, is the child of All Souls Church, and whatever potency there is in it, is generated by All Souls Church up to this very day. Our church is a compact of humanity committed to ideals that are democratic, reaching after a helpfulness that overlaps all lines, and *it* has made this week's exposition possible.

The classes in religion last week were concerned with the story of Josephus, that learned Jew, who came into the story of Judaism almost within the time of Jesus, who probably had been in his grave but a short time before Josephus was born. Josephus was a child of eminent parents, with priestly antecedents on one hand and royal antecedents on the other. He was nobly bred and nobly gifted, a student and a scholar. In the turbulent last days of Jewry, politically speaking, he became a favorite of the Roman Emperor, and when the final calamity came, Vespasian said to his friend Josephus; "your city is doomed, the holy city is to be wrecked and ransacked. Take what you will, you will be protected." Josephus the scholar said, "I care not for the plate, the gold and silver, nor the sacred furniture of the Temple. Permit me to take and guard the Holy Books, and they were allowed him. So at the triumphal march of Titus in Rome the seven-branched golden candlestick from the Jerusalem Temple was carried by the conqueror at the head of the column, and you can see it there in Rome to this day, carved in granite on the Arch of Titus. What has become of the seven-branched candle-stick is still a question to play with, and the imagination would fain dig for it in the bottom of the Tiber. For tradition says it was thrown away as worthless junk. But the seven-branched candle-stick has never been recovered. It is buried too deep in oblivion, if not too deep in the bed of the Tiber, for human eyes ever to rest upon it again. But the holy books that Josephus claimed and preserved, to the study of which he gave the remainder of his sheltered life there in Rome, remain. With their help he re-wrote the story of his people, recounted the heroic achievements of his time. He did it with a very free hand, in a way to offend the critics and to distress his own people, but his work endures. He chose wisely, he dealt with the indestructible elements of Judaism and helped preserve to coming civilizations the only wealth that the Jews need be proud of.

Thus it is that I like to believe that history justifies the makers of this program in putting All Souls Church first with Lincoln Centre following. Nothing that was done in the Manual Training below or the Domestic Science above, however encouraging, is comparable with the good fellowship generated among the mothers in the darkened, unsavory and unsanitary homes in this neighborhood, during the year gone. You do not know how dark, dreary and noisome some of the places are within the reach of my voice, where children are born and mothers sleep every night. From the top of Lincoln Centre you look down upon physical conditions that are a disgrace to the city, a reproach to our civilization; conditions that would seem to be unsurmountable obstacles to any decent living; but Lincoln Centre, directed by the dynamic power generated by All Souls Church, has taken boys and girls, fathers and mothers out of those wretched places and put them alongside of the more favored ones, and for the life of me when here together I cannot tell them apart. Once you plunge them into the Baltic Sea of humanity, like the college swimmers of my story, they come face to face with one another and understand one another, then and there they become brothers and sisters not only by virtue of their common woes, not only through the democracy of tears, but by the democracy of smiles, the democracy of cheer, the democracy of hope.

Aye, this word "hope" represents the last common ground of humanity I would urge. Rationalize as we will, eliminate as we may along our lines of distrust, and our antagonistic preferences, prejudices or necessities, we must in the end recognize the fact that humanity as a whole is gifted with a wonderful power of hoping. Humanity at its best is resistless in the presence of any dead line that stops at the cemetery. Dig your grave as deep as you please, bury the mortal remains as effectively as you can, and still there is that in the soul of man in all ages and of all times that flies the grave and overreaches the walls of the cemetery. "It feels what it cannot prove. It hopes when it cannot discern, that in the great democracy of the

spirit, in the larger house of souls, there are no permanent separations and no hopeless deaths." So I, who started by insisting on the democracy of sin, the common ground of weakness, the fellowship of the sick humanity to which we belong, end on the common ground of hope, the high lands of the spirit, amid the visions that through the chosen children of men of all ages, professions, creeds and no creed, have predicted something better beyond.

Yes, there is a democracy in hell, if nowhere else, by the same token there is a democracy in heaven, if nowhere else. There is a democracy of home, of love, that is more and more revealed in the glorious exploitations and experiences of men.

Dare we look forward a moment before I close and take account of the things to be done in the year to come? Last week we tried to exhibit things done during the year gone by. Can we not, in the light of our studies these last five Sundays, take a new hold of All Souls Church, with the emphasis on *all* souls? To be frank with you, I wonder sometimes if you are not, some of you, a little tired of our success on the All Souls lines? Are we getting a little weary of the crowds that come here night after night and through the days? Noisy, incoherent, Catholics, Jews, and nondescript of every name and no name. Do we long for a little nicer company? Some of us, trained to the refinements of Unitarianism, are perhaps sometimes a little distressed and disturbed by the jostling of these boys and girls from alien casts and creeds, none too respectful.

Well, we will have to take our medicine or back out, and one wants to do that. We will not go back on the primal inspiration that made Abraham Lincoln Centre more than a thing of brick and mortar. We mean to keep our flag a-flying. "Oh," you say, the Catholics have no respect for us and the Methodists are distrustful of us, and the Jews in some quarters are afraid of our influence." Never mind, friends! We are in the great sea without clothing and we recognize swimmers at a distance. Let us get together and, like the swimmers in the Baltic, we will find to our delight that we are already acquainted.

We are building an All Souls Church indeed; one that is slowly breaking through external prejudices and habits. Note what we have put on the first page at the top of this program. This is the latest. We call it *a* Little Lincoln Centre Creed, not *the* creed.

From a clean life to a clean city.
From love of home to love of country.
From love of country to love of humanity.
From love of God our Father to love of man our Brother.

The last line puzzled some of us. Should we say, "From love of God our Father to love of man our Brother," or, "Love of man our Brother to love of God our Father?" This is indeed a rule that works both ways, write it as you choose, and it is a heavenly program. But as a matter of fact our land is full of those who mouth the Fatherhood of God, while they insult the brotherhood of man. The world is full of "Christians" who rest complacently in the thought of the Fatherhood of God, but gather their skirts daintily about them to avoid contact with their brothers and sisters who may be suspected of a social taint, or who may disclose a kink in their hair or tint of color in their skin. There are loads of people who are willing to work for the Fatherhood of God who draw the lines very firmly between those who buy their dry goods at Marshall Field's and those who deal at the Fair.

Dear friends, do we not need the culture that comes from the helpful elements in the Sunday morning service? The spiritual exhaltation that comes from singing together high hymns, listening to classic scriptures, yielding to high devotions and joining the social appeal and hand-shaking at the close?

There are many things to be done in and around Lincoln Centre, but the chief thing is to keep up with the spirit that we ourselves have generated. Justify the generosity of the past by new generosities in the present and the future. Let us see to it that we quench not the spirit.

Let us go ahead, and keep ahead! Let us recommit ourselves to democracy. Let us occasionally, at least, take a plunge in the Baltic Sea. We shall find to our surprise companions there, without theological, ecclesiastical or social liveries.

May peace and power come into our lives through the help of one another, through the co-operation of the spirit. Father, may we ever work to bring peace and power into the world. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A Years Work
In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.
1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XVIII,
The Book of Wisdom

This lesson was given by Mr. A. L. Penhallow, of the Hyde Park High School

Text: *"Wisdom teacheth temperance and prudence, justice and manliness, than which naught in life is more profitable to man."*

The Book of Wisdom, or the Wisdom of Solomon, as it is sometimes called, is a book along the same line as the Additions to Daniel. It is one of the Judea-Alexandrian writings, probably written in the first decade after the death of Jesus, somewhere around 40 to 50 A. D. It is perhaps the noblest of the Apocryphal writings. It contains a splendid statement of the immortality of the soul, fierce denunciation of idolatry and a protest against the Epicureanism that was opposing the religious fervor of the Jews. The original was written in Greek, but not the fluent Greek of one who had used the language in the home.

Some books outside the canon are better worthy of inclusion than some of the books in the canon. The Book of Solomon is surely among this number.

It has been repeatedly used in the Protestant Church but not in the Jewish, as a work of an evidential character, some parts of it by the Christian Church as against the Jews. For instance, the second chapter is taken as evidence of a suffering and not a triumphant Messiah.

The fixing of the date of this composition is interesting. The Jews were suffering persecution of some sort, apparently not of a serious character. Various stories were told to illustrate what this persecution might have been, one of which seems to place the date of the book in the second century before the Christian era. It is interesting enough to tell the children.

Ptolemy of Egypt had gained a victory over Antiochus of Syria and attempted to enter the Holy of Holies, but in consequence of the prayers of the High Priest he fell crippled and speechless to the ground. Instead of avenging himself on the Palestinian Jews he went back to Alexandria and wreaked vengeance on the perfectly innocent Israelites in Egypt. He tried to force them into idolatry with threats of slavery and had them borne in chains to Alexandria and shut up in the Circus. An attempt was made to register them which failed as their number was so great the ink and pens were exhausted. Then elephants were made drunk and turned into the Circus, but these turned on the king's friends and trampled many of them to death. This was a more serious persecution than that justified by the book itself. The grandson of Herod the Great, Agrippa, who had been educated at Rome, was a great friend of the young Caligula, but had incurred the enmity of Tiberius at court. When Caligula became Emperor he made Herod King of Judea. This promotion of a Jewish prince excited the anger of the Greeks in Alexandria, and as they were already provoked by the commercial successes of their Jewish fellow citizens, a series of virulent pamphlets against the abhorred nation appeared, to which it would seem we owe the origin of the fables of the worship of the ass and the expulsion of the Jews from Egypt as "lepers" in the time of the Pharaohs. In Alexandria images of Caligula were set up in the Jewish houses of prayer, and when a little later Caligula became insane and returned from a journey into Germany he demanded recognition as a God. The citizens of Alexandria demanded obedience to the imperial orders and many of the Jews became apostates, including at least one chief, Tiberius Julius Alexander, whose act was only justified by the effort made at that time to explain the Old Testament history as allegory. They argued that if history was only one long allegory, then the law itself was symbolic only and the ordinances of religion and of every day life could be explained away. And when persecution came there would be no obstinate Jewish zeal for the law to resist it.

Caligula's attempt at self-deification failed, and when he attempted to set up his own image in Jerusalem even his Governor expostulated. Under his successor, Claudius, the Jews had more freedom for a while.

In this book many passages may be found parallel to those in the New Testament, particularly in the Epistles of the Hebrews, just as there are similarities between James and Ecclesiastes.

The first six chapters of the book deal with the immortality of the soul. The last ten chapters form a sort of passover sermon directed against idolatry.

It was customary among the Alexandrian writers to ascribe their works to various great men. Solomon, as the favorite wise man of the ancient world, would naturally receive the credit of any book on wisdom, as books on philosophy were ascribed either to Aristotle or Plato, and Hippocrates, the great physician, was regarded as the author of practically all of the books written on medicine.

We find here the principle of exact recompense, the punishment should fit the crime, and an attempt to controvert the teaching of Ecclesiastes, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Wisdom in the Old Testament is a sort of common sense philosophy of life with a religious tendency. In this book wisdom was personified as an attribute of Jehovah.

It will be interesting to see what J. S. Riggs says of this book in his "History of the Jewish People."

> The Book of Wisdom is the classic of Judeo-Alexandrine literature, and in some respects the most important of the books of the Apocrypha. Its Hellenistic character is revealed not in its allegorical interpretations,—although these are to be found in it,—nor in the literary form in which the truth is presented, for its form follows that of the wisdom literature of the Old Testament. It is rather to be seen in the fact that its broad, noble teachings are given a richer meaning and a wider application by their statement in terms and relations suggested in part by the thinkers of Greece. Interest centers in the views of God, man and the world, which are the result of the modification of Hebrew thinking by Greek influences.

"It has with truth been said that 'the book marks the highest point of religious knowledge attained by the Jews in the period between the close of the old Testament canon and the beginning of the Gospel dispensation.' Its teaching regarding the life beyond is of surprising clearness and force."

(1) When was this book probably written?
(2) What story in the work helps fix date?
(3) What is the theme of the first six chapters?
(4) Give theme in ten last chapters.
(5) Why was this writing ascribed to Solomon?

THE PETRIFIED FERN

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees.
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay.
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
O, the long, long centuries since that day!
O, the agony, O, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

—Mary Bolles Branch.

THE STUDY TABLE

June Books

From the author, Edwin B. Haworth, I get a beautiful little volume, "Sunshine and Roses." The book is a collection of very pretty melodies, the key of which you can get from the dedication:

May your days be the sunshine of
Springtime and youth,
Through the glens, in the wold,
By the lakes and the shores;
May roses of happiness blossom,
And truth and love petals cloy,
Is the heart wish of "yours."

It is published at Kansas City by the Rock Hill Art Publishers. A charming picture gives us the author and his baby.

It is only a thin circular that I get from Rollins College. This college is awkwardly named, for with that name it might be located anywhere. It is not an awkward college, however, and is one of the most complete specimens of the art and science of instruction—which means the art and science of making men and women—that I know of in America. It is not a very big college, but it has no objection to becoming bigger, and is right on that track; for as the people find it out they will trust to the officials of the college the training of their boys and girls. It is located on what we call Florida Heights, that is, the backbone of Florida, running right up the middle of the State and facing one way to the gulf and the other to the ocean. It is the land of pure air, the best water in the world, where one may sleep out of doors every night in the year, and may go coatless every day in the year. It is without malaria and without mosquitoes, and that is saying a great deal for Florida. The forest is pine, and runs up and down the middle of the State for about one hundred miles. It is presided over by a graduate of Oberlin (afterward a professor in Yale), in whom East and West and North and South are marvelously well blended; that is, President Blackman can see, unlike a good many southerners, for the whole country. He is a peculiarly wide-visioned man, and Mrs. Blackman can see just as far, perhaps a little farther. This college is thirty miles from my home, at Winter Park.

Now what is it? Well, Rollins College has undertaken one of the bravest enterprises possible to a small college. It has determined to revise its college athletics. It believes that college sport should have a more general place in college life. Hear this: "We believe it to be the duty of Rollins College, as of any such institution, to develop men and women of such all around training as shall fit them for the most complete success and happiness, and for the more efficient service of their fellow men." It has therefore given as its reason for adopting a system for the general physical culture of every student, first that inter-collegiate athletics have made it necessary to secure semi-professional players, and that these players have by their inattention to studies proven to have undesirable influence over the student body. They have also prevented many students from receiving athletic culture. They have proved an unwholesome set of leaders and fostered an ideal of sport for the winning, instead of sport for its own sake. They do not stand for the college or for any educational spirit. The present system is also wasteful and the cost out of proportion to the good received. Very few students get the advantages of athletic training, while a more sane and adequate system would benefit the entire student body. Professional games being played lead to constant "ill feeling between institutions." That is enough to quote, to show to any resonable collegian that Rollins is right. We have had enough talk about this business, now let the colleges act. Rollins withdraws from inter-collegiate athletics and will take up the business of physical culture right heartily. It will teach all of its pupils the art of swimming, because it has at its door a chain of most beautiful lakes. All other sports will be under careful faculty supervision. Those tourists or winter residents in Florida who bring their children with them should take them to Rollins without exception.

Two books of extra value have laid on my table for some time, and I am not quite certain whether I have ever mentioned them. The two are John Morley's "Essay on Politics and History" and Miss Norris' little book called "The Treasure." Anyone who read Kathleen Norris' "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" will be likely to guess that this book concerns the hired girl. Nobody handles this family any better than this author. In this case she has undertaken to show the probable outcome of the girl help problem. Some of us can remember back to a time when there was no such problem. The girls, and boys, too, in a dozen families help each other in a pinch. Perhaps Miss Norris' idea of help trained in schools organized for the special purpose of co-operative efficiency is what is coming. There certainly are some things to be said very strongly in favor of hiring the graduate. It will make of hired help a profession and give it dignity—as well as restrictions. Miss Norris does not hesitate to parcel out good living wages to the girl, and she ought to be able to earn it if she gets it. Read the book anyhow and say what you think about it in the home room and in the kitchen. By the way, these two rooms ought to be one. What we want now is two things, first real mothers, motherly mothers; and then we want to get rid of Bridget.

John Morley's book is the most meatful that I have seen in many a month. You must get it.

Both books are published by the *Macmillans.*

E. P. Powell.

Last year the fire loss on the Canadian timber reserves was the smallest ever known, only one-fiftieth of one per cent of the area being burned over.

Armstrong lake, within the Beartooth national forest, Montana, is said to rival the famed Lake Louise of the Canadian Rockies. It lies at an elevation of 7,000 feet surrounded by towering mountains. A good road which can be traveled in half a day by automobile connects it with the railroad at Billings. A rustic hotel has recently been completed, and many trails make the surrounding region accessible.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—When we try to serve the world (or to understand it) we touch what is divine.

MON.—If we find the job where we can be of use, we are hitched to the star of the world, and move with it.

TUES.—Good thinking feels its way by action. Good manual work is full of thought.

WED.—Every one has a right to the distinction which titles of nobility are meant to give, but it is from our work that we should get them.

THURS.—To do something again and again as the trees, the birds and our beasts do, is a fundamental need which demands and receives satisfaction in work as in play.

FRI.—The "lost cause" becomes idealized into something which no one can lose until he loses the courage to fight for it.

SAT.—The essence of good sport,—obedience to rules, ability to be a modest winner and cheerful loser,—is also the essence of self-government, good service and spiritual growth.

—From "What Men Live By," by Richard C. Cabot. Selected by E. T. Kent.

THE MAGIC CUP

Beryl-green was the lonely water;
Sweet of mien, the Woodman's Daughter,

Cast the clue that the Gray Witch gave,
And softly sang the magic stave:

"Fountain-goblins, water-pixies,
Round-eyed sons of the web-foot nixes,

"Leave your caves and bring me up
Wizard Merlin's Magic Cup!"

The glimmering deeps of the pool were troubled,
Ripple-ringed, the water bubbled;

Wriggling, twisting, rose the six
Wry-mouthed sons of the Water Nix,

Clear from the weed-hung caves below,
With a "Hee, hee, hee!" and a "Ho, ho, ho!"

Chuckling mingled mirth and malice,
Lifting high the crystal chalice.

"Take the Magic Cup!" they laughed;
"Drink the single magic draft!

"Beauty, riches, health, or power—
What you wish shall be your dower;

"Wish, and quaff, and have!—but know,
When once drained, the cup will go!"

Sank the nixes, calmed the water;
Wonder-eyed, the Woodman's Daughter

Clasped the cup and fled away,
Through the Woods of Yesterday.

"Cup," she sang, "of crystal rarest,
I shall wish to be the fairest

"Ever mortal eye did see;
Then the Prince will marry me!"

Then—she saw before her lying
Prone, a wounded hunter, dying.

Swift, his head she lifted up;
To his lips she pressed the cup.

"Drink!" implored the Woodman's Daughter;
"Give him life, O Magic Water!"

Lo! within that ancient wood,
Strong, and young, and brave he stood!

* * * * * *

Gone is the cup to the deep green water;
But, before the Woodman's Daughter,

Bending low to kiss her hand,
Kneels the Prince of Fairyland!

St Nicholas. —*Arthur Guiterman.*

Indians and the Flag

Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, author of "The Vanishing Race, which tells the wonderful and tragic history of the American Indians, has recently returned from an expedition to all the 189 Indian tribes in the United States. To each tribe Dr. Dixon carried an American flag, bringing it to them as a symbol of the new brotherhood which from henceforth this country hopes to extend to the Red Man.

The Indian, says Dr. Dixon, is a man of mysticism, a lover of symbols. Every little change in the inscrutable face of Nature is to him full of deep meaning. The cloud in the sky, the wind in the grass, the flight of a bird, the behavior of an insect—all these tiny and intimate movements on the world-face are to him as smiles or frowns. And so Dr. Dixon, in presenting the Stars and Stripes to the Indians, wisely made use of a symbolism which proves him no less an instinctive poet than the Red Man himself.

This is the meaning of the Stars and Stripes, as spoken by Dr. Dixon:

"The field of blue with the white stars you may see every clear night as you look into the great dome above your heads.

"It is the only flag in the world that takes heaven and earth and man to symbolize. This makes out of it an eternal flag, and we ought to be eternally loyal to it.

"I therefore dedicate the American flag to justice, mercy and fair play to the North American Indian.

"The flag is more than a piece of colored bunting. The red stripe in its fold is symbolized by the red blood in your veins and mine, by the red glow in the sunset, by the red in your ceremonial pipe.

"The white stripe finds a symbol in the white cloud that floats in the sky, in the white snow that drifts across the plains, in the purest thought that goes from your heart to the Great Mystery."

—*The Chautauquan.*

In the schools of Denmark, "reading and spelling are not mechanized and treated as arts complete in themselves, but taught in an incidental way. Separate spelling books are unknown." These schools have been carefully studied by men sent by Commissioner Claxton to find out how they have changed "a poor, war-crippled country into a rich, happy one." Character development is one of the chief aims of the folk high school, and men and women of all ages go to school to learn how to do their daily work better. The men attend mainly in winter and the women in summer.

—*The World's Chronicles.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
Here we are!
Tower Hill! Whip-poor-will!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Yes, here we are! The hill in a glory of greenness; our whip-poor-wills grown more daring and curious as to human habitations; our flying-squirrels and field mice openly claiming squatter rights wherever they can find an entrance; our scarlet tanagers and orioles and the long list of birds loudly expressing their joy at our return; our woods-paths starred with bluebells and maiden-hair fern, and all the rest that makes the lure of Tower Hill irresistable to some of us who ask nothing better than to return here year after year.

July 1st is the official opening day for the Hill, and the past week has been largely one of preparation. House-cleaning has been in the air, the kind of house-cleaning that has lots of out-of-doors in it and is largely accomplished with a hose, and oh! what a comfort is the practically inexhaustable supply of water that puts scrubbing force behind the hose.

It has been a week of planning for expected comers; of trying the new "Ford" which takes our sandy hills so easily and makes errands to Spring Green joy-rides; of picking up dead wood and renewing screens; of little trips to the top of the Hill or to Pine Knob to make sure the splendid view is still there; of visits to the farm to renew acquaintance with "Calliope" and "Kathleen" and the rest of the Jersey family; of busy days and beautiful long moonlight nights.

Then the 4th of July ended the week and, of course, we celebrated. Our little family of fifteen gathered late in the afternoon on the porch of the library and listened to a program made up of a grand "oration" by Zona Gale, a poem written for the occasion and read by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and an interpretation of Walt Whitman's "On Blue Ontario's Shores," by Mr. Jones, interspersed by patriotic songs. The two first mentioned efforts will appear, we hope, on another page of this week's UNITY. A prayer breathing the spirit of high patriotism closed the exercises and this the 24th season of Tower Hill's history and beneficent influence was propitiously launched. A. L. K.

NAMES OF HYMN TUNES

[Every organist is, or ought to be, interested in hymn tunes. It is a good plan to annotate one's hymnals as one picks up, here and there, items of value. The following article is of special worth, since it brings within the limits of a brief article much information about pieces in this small musical form. In regard to the name *The Stilt* for *York* Dr. Mansfield suggests very ingeniously that if one will hum the tune and at the same time imagine oneself to be walking on stilts, one step to a note, the pertinacity of the name *The Stilt* will be apparent.—Editor Choir and Choral Department.]

Turning the leaves of a modern hymnal one notices a large and sometimes curious collection of names designating the tunes. Many of them have been associated with certain tunes for long periods, despite the fact that some tunes have half a dozen or more names. Perhaps *Old Hundred* is the best known name. Properly it is *The Old One Hundredth,* the tune in some of the Genevan Psalters and in the Sternhold and Hopkins English version for the one hundredth psalm. At first the Engilsh psalm tunes were known by the numbers of the psalms with which they were associated. After Tate and Brady's version of the psalms came into use the prefix "old" was adopted for the tunes of the older version. In Este's psalter of 1592 three tunes were named, and the fashion started.

Sometimes the words of the hymn provide a name for the tune.. Thus we have Dykes' *Strength and Stay,* for the hymn "O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation;" Oakley's *Abends,* for "Sun of my soul;" Monk's *Eventide,* for "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;" Monk's *Ascension,* for "Hail the day that sees Him rise;" Wesley's *Alleluia,* for "Alleluia, sing to Jesus," and Smart's *Naachtlied,* for "The day is gently sinking to a close." In this class is also Sullivan's *Golden Sheaves,* suggested by a line in the hymn for which the tune was composed, and Dix's "To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise." Wesley's tune *Aurelia,* usually sung to "The church's one foundation," was composed for "Jerusalem the golden," and the original name of the tune has been retained. The tune so often used for the latter hymn bears the name of the composer, Alexander Ewing, a Scotch army officer. Monk's *Wordsworth,* for "O day of rest and gladness," is named after the poet and author of the hymn.

Latin titles have appealed to many hymn tune composers. A familiar example is Dykes' *Lux Benigna,* for "Lead, Kindly Light." Two more of Dykes' are *Requiescat,* for "Now the laborer's task is o'er," and *Dominus regit me,* for H. W. Baker's paraphrase of the 23d Psalm. Goss' tune for "Praise, my soul, the King of heaven," appears in either Latin or English as *Benedic anima* or *Praise, my soul. Adeste fideles,* for "Oh come, all ye faithful," is also known as the *Portuguese Hymn* because of its use a century ago at the Portugal Chapel in London. Monk's *Alleluia perenne* was composed for the hymn which has the reiterated line "An endless alleluia."

The council of Nicæa, A. D. 325, is remembered for its reception of the doctrine of the Trinity. Dr. Dykes, therefore, made a fitting use of the name *Nicaea* for his setting of the hymn to the Trinity, "Holy, holy, holy." Giardini's tune for "Come, thou almighty King," often called *Giardini* or *Moscow,* was originally designated *A Hymn to the Trinity.* The tune called *Dundee* in England and America seems to have first appeared in the Scottish Psalter of 1615, where it is called *French Tune.* In Ravencroft's English Psalter of 1621 it appeared with Psalm 36 as *Dundy Tune.* The tune called *Dundee* in Scotland is here generally known as *Windsor,* a fact which should be remembered in connection with Burns' characterization of "Dundee's wild, warbling measures." Another widely used tune from the Scottish Psalter of 1615 is *York,* or *The Stilt,* but the origin of the name is yet to be known. The tune *York Minster* in the Historical Edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* is by T. Tertius Noble, recently organist of York Minster, but now of St. Thomas' Church in New York.

The names of churches where organists or singers were employed often appear in connection with tunes by these musicians. If William Croft wrote *St. Anne* the tune is doubtless named for the London church where he played before his election to Westminster Abbey. *Miles Lane,* usually credited to William Sthrubsole, seems to have made its first appearance in a collection of Psalm tunes edited by Rev. Stephen Addington, minister of Miles Lane Meeting House in London. One of the few hymn tunes Handel wrote was named *Gopsal,* for the home of Charles Jennens, who compiled the words of *The Messiah.* By the way, Jennens is reported to have said of this oratorio that "Mr. Handel had made of it a very pleasant entertainment, but not so good as he could or

should have done." *St. Bride* was composed by S. Howard, organist of St. Bride's, London. *St. Matthias* was doubtless named by W. H. Monk for St. Matthias' Church, Stoke Newington, where he was organist for many years.

It would seem that the catalog of saints was fully represented in the names of hymn tunes. Sullivan's tune *St. Gertrude,* for "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was named for a friend, Mrs. Gertrude Ker-Leymer. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes was rather partial to saints' names for his tunes. The Dykes' home near Durban is called to mind by his tune *Hollingside. Horbury* was the place where he went to make his first confession. Joseph Parry's tune *Aberystwyth* is named for the place where it was written. The tune *Leoni,* associated with Thomas Oliver's hymn, "The God of Abraham praise," is named for a cantor in the Great Synagogue, Aldgate, London. According to the story, Oliver was much impressed with the music to which he heard the Doxology sung in this Synagogue, and obtained it from Leoni. The hymn was published "adapted to a celebrated air sung by the Priest Signior Leoni." A H. Mann adopted a fashion of using classical proper names for his tunes, and thus we have *Aristoxenus, Claudius, Lampadarius,* and *Lassus.*

The German custom is to identify the tune by the first words of the hymn with which it is usually associated. Familiar examples are *Ein' feste Burg, Nun danket alle Gott,* and *Wachet auf.* One exception in this country and England is the title *Passion Chorale* for the tune used so much, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.* Though associated with a translation of the same German hymn, Bach's use of the chorale in the *St. Matthew Passion* seems to have given it a new name for the English-speaking people.

Richard Redhead seems to have an aversion to names for his compositions and arrangements, and in his collections entitled *Church Hymn Tunes* he used numbers. These are sometimes retained in other collections, and the tunes are known as *Redhead No. 7, Redhead No. 35,* etc. David Grant's tune *Raleigh* was so named by a friend because the composer was a tobacco merchant in Aberdeen.

Charles H. Boyd.

The Musician, March, 1914.

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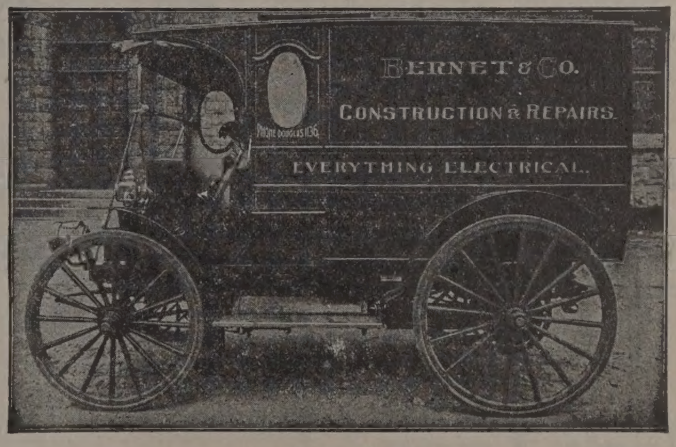

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